SUMMER MORNING.

The rising sun I go to meet,
Set ankle-deep in dewy gress;
Rare fragrance stirs beneath my feet
And round my pathway gather sweet
The scents of morning as I pass. The tinted maples o'er my head Flash out aloft in leafy sheen, While broken notes of flitting birds

Break in across my faltering words, And drift along the shadow green. A glistening veil of purple haze
On nearer mountains softly lies,
The distance swings in liquid light,
Where blue peaks, rising, height on height
Dissolve like dreams in fainting skies.
—Elaine Goodale, in Christian Union. DESTINY.

She sits by the window sewing, Her auburn head bent low; Her anburn head bent low; For a beautiful garment is growing Beneath the touch of her lingers, And a gleam of their ruddiness lingers In every fold of the silken snow That drifts the fair young face below.

Cool rains the sash beat drearily, And trees stand sorry dressed Against the somber sky; yet cheerily Hums the maiden at her sewing; "Winds across the heavens blowing Troops of dusky clouds abreast, From the pine hills of the West,

Sweep afar you tears 0 sky! Open way for suns to be. For suns must shine and happily When comes my joy, when breaks my plea ure,
When beats my heart to love a measure
In a day of all days for me,
A day with the ships on the sea."

She sits by the window sewing, The skies are all aglow; The winds the sails are blowing ss the azure water Ah! rains and suns have taught her finds both East and Westward blow,

"Oh, ruddy day, fly homeward; fly!
You bring no joys to me,
My white, white dress is folded by
I gailly wrough! 'neath heavens dreary.
An! now I am of such aweary.
For the day of days to be
Is dead in a ship on the sea."

—Fannic Lewis Brackett, in N. Y. Tribune.

LYDDY WASHBURN'S COURTSHIP.

An Old-Time Fourth-of-July Story. The prettiest girl in Franklin Coun-That was what they called Lyddy Washburn. Brown-haired, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked, red-lipped, of a tall and slender figure and graceful and spirited carriage, the youngest and only surviv-ing daughter of a well-to-do farmer— what wonder that from far and near suitors came for Lyddy Washburn's hand? But "Law!" said that young woman, many times over, "there ain t no hurry at all about my marryin' and settlin' down''—which in those days was rank heresy, Lyddy's mother hav-ing been married at 14, and all Lyddy's mates being settled in homes of their own, leaving that independent young woman to the tender mercies of a younger set of companions by the time she was 22 years old. But Lyddy tossed her head, looked in her glass, and sang the more blithely over her wheel

"Now, Lyddy," her mother said one day, "why don't you marry Jotham Hunter? He's a likely young fellow as ever lived, and sets consid'able store by "Jotham Hunter!" laughed Miss

Lyddy, "Law, mother, he's got red "Wa'al, his heart's right," pleaded Mrs. Washburn. " No use, mother," said her fractious

daughter. "You can't get rid of me yet awhile; and don't ever say 'Jotham Hunter' to me again." "Wa'al, tell me one thing," said Mrs. Washburn, her ill-concealed anx-

iety making her voice sound strained and unnatural. "You hain't—now, Lyddy, you hain't, be you-a-goin' to take Tart Taylor?"

dy's beautiful face.
"Who said I was a-goin' to 'take said, a little sternly. "Better wait till I get a chance, I think! An' if I was agoin' to 'take Tart Taylor,' I'd like to know what's the reason he ain't as good

"Wa'al," said the old lady, slowly (she always began with "Wa'al"), "they do say that Tart can't keep from liquor; and though"-here Mrs. Wash-burn no doubt voiced the feeling of every body in those days-" though every man must have his dram, yet there ain't no sense in gettin' drunk at every raisin' an' trainin' an' cattle show, as they tell on Tart Taylor; an' he's got his mother to take care of; an' no daugh-ter o' mine, Lyddy Washburn, shall ever live with that cross-grained ugly old Aunt Betty Taylor!" and the old lady— for she was well along in years, Lyddy being the youngest of 13 children— stood up defiantly before her daughter, her excitement giving her unwonte

Lyddy Washburn's temper was rous-ed, and she glanced at her mother with a contemptuous expression, like the spoiled child that she was.

"You'd better be savin' your advice, mother—" she began, in a high clear voice, when suddenly a long shadow fell across the room from the doorway, and "Cap'n Tart"-(Mr. Tertius Taylor was called "Captain" from the fact that he was an officer of the militia) -stood before them, with his hat in his hand. Mrs. Washburn tossed her head, and

turned away with a stiff nod, while Lyddy, with a heightened color and undy, with a heightened color and un-wonted nervousness of manner, wel-comed the stately new-comer, whose military bearing and critical taste in the matter of his female companions had set half the girls in the county wild over him. It had been easy to see for some weeks now that Captain Tart had made up his mind to "have Lyddy Wash-burn," and that that captious damsel was more complaisant toward him than toward any of her other suitors.

It was now the middle of May. The lilacs were budded in the front dooryard, and the apple-trees pink with bloom—a dangerous time for young folks in the state of mind of these two, had thought cautious Mrs. Washburn, and, not approving the match at all, she had made up her mind to warn Lyddy in such a way that the immediate danger should be tided over; but by her precipitance she had ruined every thing, and she felt it, for the girl's blushes had convinced her that Lyddy's heart was uched by Captain Tart's manly graces and perhaps by that very wildness often seems to captivate when it should

'The fact is," said Mrs. Washburn, retailing the story to her husband that evening—"the fact is, 'Liakim, our Lyddy's in love with that ere Tart Tay -"the fact is, 'Liakim, our or. What ails the girl?"

"Taint no use," said sensible 'Liakim Washburn, who was too sleepy to argue, and too fond of Lyddy to think of opposing her—"'tain't no use, Mirandy, a-meddlin' in love matters. What 'ud 'a ben the use, now, a-meddlin' 'twix' you an' me?" and with this half-facetious, half-tender reminiscence the old farmer took up his candle and went to

That afternoon quite a scene had That afternoon quite a scene had taken place between "Cap'n Tart" and Lyddy, and though they did not know it, they passed that day the turning-point of their lives; for Lyddy, in her excited state, was just impressible enough, and enough roused by her defense of Captain Tart in his favor, to

make this meeting the decisive one. But she did not forget herself. "Won't you come in, Cap'n Taylor?" she said, cordially, and with apparent

you walk down the border with me, an' look at them posies you was tellin' of down to Jerushy Willita's?"

So Lyddy got her sun-bonnet, and they strolled "down the border," where some daffodils and wonderful hyacynths, the only ones in town, and sent to Lyddy from Boston, were just then the horticultural wonder of the neigh-

"By-the-way," said Lyddy, gradually recovering her composure, "have you seen Jerushy Willitts since dona-"have her home on horseback on a pillion be-dona- hind him, and those unprovided for go-"No. I hain't," said Captain Tart; " ut I see Adonijah Brewer this morn-

a-goin' to bev a quiltin' next Wednes-day, and o' course you'll be a-goin'. I blood astir. Lyddy sat firmly on her come to see ef you'd ride home on my seat, perhaps clinging a little closer to pillion, come night."

Captain Tart than n cessity demanded, and they jogged slowly along till the merry voices of the rest were lost in the

has he, Lyddy?" said Captain Tart, his led home by a roundabout way, and forehead gathering in a scowl.
"No, no," said Lyddy, hastily.

any body, I s'pose. Here's the flow-

ton-hole," said Lyddy, the something got suthin' to say to you."

within which had been roused by her

She could not speak, for something mother's words getting the better of her seemed to suffocate her, and they rode prudence. "Here's a pretty one;" and she broke off a little stalk which bore two twinkling blue stars, and twisting them with a sprig of southernwood which grew beside it, began to pin it on seemed to subocate her, and they rode on in an electric silence through the deep shadows of fragrant pines and hemlocks till they came to a secluded spot, when Captain Tart vaulted in his saddle and faced her, folding her in his

Wednesday came, and as the "invite" miles to Loisy Pettingill's, to the quilt-ing, arriving there at two in the afternoon, and setting bravely to work at once upon the gorgeous quilt, which was to be the chief adorument of Loisy's

"outfittin" at her approaching nup-The great "quiltin' bars" folded to-gether fast as skillful fingers deftly sew-ed along the lines of the intricate pattern, and by 5 o'clock, when supper was announced, the quilt was reduced to so small a compass that "Miss Pet-tingill" insisted that every thing should be put away before the young men came. "Loisy and the rest can finish it in no time to-morrow," said the hospitable old lady, "and I'm afraid that ef you go ahead as you've been a goin', you won't have no appetite for them sugar doughnuts I've been a-makin'."

The evening came. The girls had previously gone up into the big front chamber, with its lofty puffy bed and high stiff bureau, to don such extra ribchamber, with its lofty puffy bed and high stiff bureau, to don such extra ribbons and trinkets as they had reserved for the edification of the young men who were expected shortly. Of course they all had gold beads, and most of them were expected shortly. Of course they all had gold beads, and most of them big brooches containing a small painted

The devil!" were all they heard afterward. Then there was a rustle in the bushes. likeness of some ancestor. Then ther were several pairs of gold ear-rings; and the combs-the shell combs that towered half a foot above the smooth luxuriance of our grandmother's coif-

fures—who can describe them?

One by one the young men were admitted at the clang of the great brass knocker—Jotham Hunter and Adonijah she saw no fear nor tremor in his eye or Brewer and Timothy Bassett and a dozen other brown-faced, square-shouldered young fellows, who had never had a day's illness in their lives, and who, though they knew little Greek, were though they knew little Greek, were well versed in such branches as were section, and, better than [that, had the industrious habits and the unbending ntegrity which have made our country what it is, and for the lack of which is suffering to-day.

Among the rest came Captain Tart. and more than one knowing glance passed around as it was seen that in his button-hole he wore, in observance of the May-time, and in proud display of the favor of the most courted girl in town, the hyacinths and southernwood which every body knew were given him by Lyddy Washburn. He had preserv-

gled pleasure and indignation as she saw her gift thus openly flaunted before them all, and she instinctively talked faster to Adonijah Brewer, the prospective bridgeroom, but all those railed, there was no resource but to ride, sometimes for miles, to the near-est house and beg some fire. Farmer Washburn was too rheumatic this morning to ride, and the hirad men Lyddy's heart beat faster with minand when he came up a few moments later to beg her hand for a reel which was to be danced in the great kitchen, she went tamely enough. After the reel stove fastened securely beside net, or she went tamely enough. After the reel fore she remembered that the nearest house, her brother "Si" Washburn's, house, her brother minutes sooner they "twirled the platter," and then the apples were brought out, and Farmer Pettingill mixed a bowl of his famous toddy, which he could make as no one in all the country round. The glasses were filled and refilled till the hilarity waxed rather noisy. Captain Tart had drunk his glass at a draught. Then he looked are and eaught Lyddy's even in

the young man's heart.

dy," he said.
"Well, please," and she turned away.
There were too many looking at them to talk any longer.
Jotham Hunter saw it all, and his jealous heart sank within him.

of the sweet words that he had whispered in her ear.
Suddenly a shadow fell across the sunshine, and she was rudely roused from her tender reverie by the appearance of the words.

"No," said the other, a coarsergrained fellow than the rest, with a loud
laugh, "but he'll be makin' up for it
after he gits out o' Lyddy Washburn's
sight."

"That's so," said Jotham Hunter,
with angry emphasis, and with his face
set toward Lyddy, who had heard every
set toward Lyddy Lyddy Lyddy

word, till her slim figure dilated and her eyes blazed at the young men in such a way that they were glad to drop the knows ye've stole her darlin' away from

received a kiss from Captain Tart, the memory of which thrilled her to her dying day; and then she set all tongues wagging by stubbornly refusing to catch Jotham Hunter-whose melancholy not even the toddy, nor the smiles of Jerusha Willitts, a young woman who affected him, could mitigate in the least. Then it was nearing midnight, and the "quiltin' party" broke up, each young man taking his chosen "girl" to

ing in Farmer Pettingill's big haywagon.

The stars were bright and the air cool in', an' he said Loisy Pettingill was and bracing, and the smell of the green this, and Lyddy thought of her mother.

"Jotham Hunter hain't asked you, his horse into a lenely wood-road which

where they could talk without inter-"I ruption.
"Oh, Tart!" said Lyddy, nervously, hain't had no invite myself yet, you hain't had no invite myself yet, you hain't had no invite myself yet, you have how; but, law!" recklessly deciding to follow her own wishes despite her mother, "o' course I shall have, an' I might as well come home with you as here's the flow." Here's the flow.

"Why not?" said Captain Tart, as though that were the only thing to do.
"Purty, ain't they?" said Captain
"'fain't muddy. I drove my cattle
through there to-day: an', Lyddy," his Tart, brightening up.

"Mebbe you'd like one for your but"Mebbe you'd like one for your but"Lyddy," his voice growing deeper—"Lyddy, I've

the lapel of Captain Tart's homespun arms as he did so. Liddy was frightencoat. That ended the whole matter for ed. It was well understood in the vilthe young man. Her bright hair was close to his shoulder, her pink face almost against his breast. His breath floated down in her face, and made her bosom heave faster, and she made two or the strictly considered improprieties among the young folks of the place, and no young man could boast that she had or three efforts to fasten the refractory flowers, and the young man's eyes glistened with a new tenderness. His heart was all affame. He thought of the which abounded during the gay country quiltin'," and the ride home after- winters; and here, at 22, she sat on ward, and could scarcely wait as he thought. He decided that he must ask against his breast, his handsome

her then the final question, and with her flowers breathing up perfume into his face, and the remembrance of her tell-tale blushes in his mind, he felt that tell-tale blushes in his mind, he with the passion which her answer could not be "No." Then, overpowered him, "I can't wait anothafter lingering a moment at the door, he walked away, his heart full of love, Lyddy, and anticipation.

Overpowered him, overpowered him, er minute till you tell me you'll marry me. Oh, Lyddy, you will, won't you?' Lyddy lifted her beautiful face to his Lyddy lifted her beautiful face to his

and gave him a kiss, and he knew that had decorously preceded it, Lyddy she was his. Then they said nothing washburn, with a party of merry girls, walked, as was the custom, the two denly that the horse had stopped, and for a long time, till they noticed sud-denly that the horse had stopped, and was leisurely chewing on an old lilac bush which marked the spot where the "'Lish Woodard" homestead had once stood. But they did not care. The stars, the

night wind, laden with the May sweetness—it was heaven itself that they were riding through, completed by the kisses and caresses of an honest love. Captain Tart started up the shrewd horse, which fell into an easy canter. Then he said, anxiously, "Now, Lyddy, you'll ride on the pillion behind me, come trainin', won't you?" On the pillion behind Tart Taylor!

On training-day! Before every body! Yes, she would do any thing for him. If he wished their engagement thus publicly proclaimed, she was willing. So she told him "Yes," and her mind went back to the training on the last known there. Fourth of July, when he rode at the head of the "milishy," so straight and

Then there was a rustle in the bushes, and Captain Tart put spurs to his horse. The fleet creature darted on to the turning, when they rode down the turnpike like the wind till they reached Farmer Washburn's great red house, where a light was burning in the kitchen for Lyddy. She was all a-tremble when her lived to the turnpike she refused. He pressed her for her reason.

"We've ben courtin' long enough, Lyddy. She was all a-tremble when pleadingly. "I've got a good farm, and

hospitable door, he had leaped to his saddle, and was gone. The horrid fright had shattered their love dream, and spoiled the beautiful evening which should have been the sweetest of their lives. Ah! it had done much more, but

they did not know it then.

The next morning, before Lyddy's shaken nerves had half recovered their tension, her mother entered her chamed them carefully in water, and his love sleep into which she had only just fallen. had grown with every whiff which he had drunk in of their intoxicating perly substitute. If these failed, there

faster to Adovijah Brewer, the prospec-tive bridegroom; but she could not long and the two of Lyddy's brothers who be angry, so utterly was her heart sub-dued by the tenderness she felt for Cap-tain Tart, and the manly beauty of his face, which had won him the secret ad-miration of every girl in Clearpond; up and ride a mile and a half as fast as she could to get some coals.

Lyddy rose mechanically, and was dressed and on her horse, with the foot-stove fastened securely beside her, belooked up and caught Lyddy's eye, in wood-road, and was soon near the scene which there was a look that stopped of the dreadful adventure of the night him as he was about to take more. She before. She could not help hurrying him as he was about to take more. She was very pale, and, hastily seeking her side, he said, tenderly, "Be you sick, Lyddy?"

"No, no," said Lyddy, her color coming back in great waves over her face. "The toddy's kinder strong; I can't drink mine. You ain't goin' to drink no more, Tart?" with a beseeching tone in her gentle voice which went to the voung man's heart. blush suffused her pure face as she "Not if you don't want me to, Lyd-thought how he had embraced her, and dy," he said.

salous heart sank within him.

"Tart ain't a-drinkin' so much as laugh and ejaculation had chilled her common to-night," he remarked, with affected carelessness, to his neighbor, but loud enough to be heard all about him.

eyeing the old lady uneasily; "I come not always condescend to participate in est and handsomest man in all these Thariton Courier. eyeing the old lady uneasily; "I come not always condescend to participate in to see you a minit about suthin. S'pose the romping sport, she ran to-night, and parts. But, mark ye, Lyddy Washburn"--and her voice took on an unearthly depth and sternness, "them red cheeks o'yourn'll be white, an' that shiny hair thin an' gray, before ye'll take my boy away from me. I feel it— I know it!"

"You may be sure," said Lyddy Washburn, her horror showing in her strained and excited voice-" you may be sure, Betty Taylor, that as long as you live I shall never marry your son." "Won't ye?—won't ye?" said Aunt Betty, in a kind of devilish glee. "I'll be 60 year come Michaelmas, but the Lord'll give me strength to live past ye both. Mark my words, ye proud young puppet! Mark me! mark me!" and, nging up her withered hands, she darted up the hill-side with a savage cry, climbing the steep like a spider, till she was out of sight.

Lyddy Washburn rode on mechanically, got her fire, and was soon home again, but she could not have told a word that was said at her brother's house, nor any thing of the people whom she saw after Aunt Betty left her. A dull loathing and horror possessed her, and her mother, noticing her pallid face and subdued manner, sent her unheard of proceeding!-peremptorily to bed right after dinner. Then Lyddy fell into a long, dreamless sleep, and, though the night that followed was wakeful and uncanny, her fresh young nature soon rallied, and in a few days she had regained, to all appearance, her sprightliness and her beauty. But Lyddy Washburn was not the same. had passed through a deep and a terri-ble experience, and it had left its mark upon her soul.

The Fourth of July came-a glorious, cloudless day. The fife and drum ush-ered in the morning, and they were accompanied by the peal of bells and the roar of cannon. The mustering ground was early crowded with the yeomanry of the county and their wives and daughters, while blue coats and brass buttons blossomed thickly in all direc-tions. Before long the music started up anew, and the procession began to form, in which the militia were to march from the church green to the parade-ground. It was growing late, but the Captain had not come. necks were craned to watch for him, when, lo! riding down the road came Captain Tart, his bright uniform becoming well his manly figure, while on the pillion behind him, in a dress of delicate green, with a silver featheran heirloom in her family-drooping over her lovely face, rode Lyddy Wash burn. She sat straight and stately in her seat, and a murmur of admiration ran through the waiting crowd.

The drum best, and the men formed in line, but just as they were about to march, some one passed a word along, and with lifted caps they sent up three tremendous cheers for the Captain and his fair sweetheart. He had, indeed, restrained his appetite for liquor of late, and the match had come to be quite generally approved among the towns-people. The appearance of the young couple in such dash-ing and picturesque style at the "trainin" completed the favorable impression, and even Jotham Hunter and a score of other disappointed youths were forced to admit that the Lord had evidently made Captain Tart and Lyddy Washburn for each other. The excitement caused by the advent of the handsome young pair was easily kept up through the day, and that "trainin" was famous in the annals of the town as the most successful that had ever been

Every Sunday night thereafter Caphandsome that her heart fluttered at the most successful farmer-came to see devil!" were all they heard afterward. the enthusiasm at their appearance was

But still Lyddy would not marry him

can take care of you. Let's be cried

right off, Lyddy."

But Lyddy was determined, and byand-by she told him her reason. Then he urged her no more, while the hateful old woman on the hillside chuckled to herself, and nursed herself more care-

know who that was in the thicket? Why,
Lyddy "—and he paused and choked a
little—"that was—that was "—she
looked up at him in terror—"that was
my mother."

Then, before she could fairly enter the
bosnitable door, he had leaped to his his sword and his cocked hat to another. The village folk talked and talked for a few years over the "long courtin'
Tart Taylor was a-makin' of Lyddy
Washburn." Then it began to be accepted as a settled fact, and ceased to

excite remark. Mrs. Washburn scolded and wept as Lyddy went on in her thirties, and a little gray began to creep into her hair, and her complexion lost its bloom; but though lone or two farmers boldly came to try their luck at wooing away from Captain Tart the still beautiful woman, was pathetically true to her only

love, who was particularly steadfast in his devotion to her.

As time crept on, her father and mother passed away, and she went to live with a brother, whose motherless children she grew to love as her own; but still Aunt Betty lived on, growing tougher and heartier apparently with each successive year. There was some-

and her lover's rugged face, with its look of pathetic patience and unfaltering resolution, lost its handsome contour, and rank of the fastest receiving operator in

she was a witch.

It was one lovely spring day, 40 years from the time when Lyddy Washburn had pledged her word to Captain Tart to marry him, that the news was borne York by the Morse instrument. The to the village from the hill farm that test was to determine the capacity of Aunt Betty, at the age of 100 years, was the instruments, and was watched with dead at last. She had failed to outlive the utmost interest. The fastest transthem, after all. For several days before her death she had been ailing, but no was located in New York, and Mr. Sayher death she had been ailing, but no one had anticipated the end so soon, and she had dropped away suddenly at the last, as though the force of gravitation had just that moment grown too struction, and contained 2,510 words, strong for her hold upon the tree of life.

It was just forty years from the Fourth of July when Lyddy Washburn, in her ments the operator determines the letter of July when Lyddy Washburn, in her green habit and silver feather, had first graced the pillion behind her lover at as fast as it comes in. Ordinarily the he training, that she stood up in the

church beside him, an old and wrinkled woman, and became his bride. The fire and passion of their early courtship had died away, but a holy affection had taken its place, which brought at the last genuine happiness to their blighted lives —blighted by the curse of a selfish and vindictive woman .- Harner's Bazar. -A prominent Congressman took his daughter to task the other evening be-

a while after 10 o'clock. "La, pa," off a gold medal, appropriately ensaid she, "we were only holding a little graved, and presented it to Mr. Snyder. extra session."-Hartford Post. -The best way to cool off is to read

cause she permitted her lover to stay

STRICKEN MEMPHIS.

The Accumulated Misfortunes of that Unhappy City.

[From the Memphis Appeal of July 19.] Let us look the situation of affairs to-day in Memphis straight in the face Let us look, if possible, beyond, and in-quire of the future what more of wreck and ruin it has in store for us. The present looks black, ugly and forbid-ding, made not so much so by facts as by croakers. The future seems to be surrounded by a lurid hue that dominates the frightful yellow tint, the sign of hor-ror, woe and sorrow. The yellow fever, the first case of which was announced on the 9th, now counts its sixteenth victim. It counts more. It counts the present destruction of the trade and industries of the community, and threatens the property which represents the accumulations of the labor of the present and preceding generations. The yellow fever is in front of us, but beyond it may easily be discerned the torch of the incendiary, revealing the starving thousands who to-day have no resource. Never was a city in so deplorable a condition. Most of her leading men are absent. Of all who under other circumstances would be foremost as leaders and advisers, but a few are now here to share the dangers and counsel the bewildered people what to do. Every man has made provision for himself and those dependent upon him, but there has not been one word heard in behalf

of the poor, no provision has been made for the safety of property, not one cent has been subscribed to maintain an in-tegrity that once assailed by hunger will be found very weak, indeed. The City Government is powerless and helpless. It can not use one dollar of the money in its treasury for the purpose of contending with the fever or succoring the poor and needy, and it can not levy tax for that purpose, and if it could, could not collect it. As for the County Government, it will take no thought concerning us, for if it did it would re-sult in nothing. The State can contrib-ute nothing for our banefit; what the Federal Government can do remains to be seen. Our condition is seemingly without any reliefs. The doctors are ready for work, and many of them are sanguine that they are to have plenty of | quick oven. Ginger, if liked. We are in as bad a condition as i the sporadic cases had joined their forces to make an epidemic. Trade un-til October, perhaps November, has been as effectually killed as if instead of 16 we had 1600 cases. Those who have left us went under the spur of panic, most of those who remain have parted with that sense of security without which peace of mind or health are impossible. All along our lines of railroad the people are prepared to enforce quarantine, after their own fashion, regardless of the rules and regulations of the Sanitary

Council of the Mississippi Valley.

The railroad people are our friends, but they can not do any thing to help us that the quarantinists will not permit. But this is not all. Our stocks of ground the stocks of th ceries are very low. The demand for them the past few weeks has been without precedent. The Howard Associa-tion has but a few thousand dollars to egin operations with, and the fund that remained over from last year in the hands of the Trustees has almost reached zero. The situation, it will thus be seen, is full of gloom, not merely on account of the presence of the yellow fever, but because of the long train of evils it may bring with it. Memphis is once more sitting in the ashes of woe and despair. Out of this condition there, is but one avenue-flight. The people must get away from the yellow fever and the doctors before an epidemic is tain Tart—steady now, and becoming a most successful farmer—came to see had the yellow fever should be cities than to drag out a miserable ex-istence here in daily dread, perhaps ultimately to die like a dog; and it be cheaper to sustain such camps than to pay the expenses of thousands of sick and it may be the funeral expenses of thousands of dead. To accomplish so desirable an 1 beneficent a plan of oper-ations not a moment should be lost. By elegrams elsewhere it will be seen that Dr. Porter has already taken steps looking to such a hegira. But the railroads will have to do better. They will have to take our poor away free. We say this remembering their unnumbered kindnesses and charities last year. We are poorer now than then, and can pay nothing. Besides, we can not expect that the world will again help us as gen erously and lavishly as it did in 1878 We can not expect that the world will help a people who do not help them selves, a people who seem to have no ties, who have regard for none of the obligations that bind communities, who sing loudly in chorus in the days of prosperity, but sing solo when the yellow fever comes to test their courage, pluck and endurance. Our trade is killed for three months. We are without money, provisions, or organization. We are threatened by a rigid quarantine by the cities and towns nearest to us; we are

for. That is the work to be done now

a prey to panie, and can not tell when

some disordered imagination will tele-

graph a story that, as in the instance of

all the discomforts of a close quaran-tine, and hasten all the disorders that

are sure to follow, unless the poor are

driven from the city and are provided

the Little Rock Gazette, will precipitate

A Notable Telegraphic Feat. were waiting for her to die.

Then Lyddy Washburn began to grow old and wrinkled. She was over 50, and her lover's rugged face, with its look of pathetic patience and pafaltaring. his hale figure began to bow with time and hard work.

But still the old woman lived on, with a defiant persistance which deepened Lyddy Washburn's secret conviction that she was a witch. the instruments, and was watched with dispatch can be sent much quicker than it can be received, but in the case of Mr. Snyder this was not so. The test dispatch was telegraphed in one hour, and on an average of 40 words to the minute. It will be noticed by attempting to write this number of words a minute that it is no easy task without the work of detecting the sound, while it requires a double use of the brain at the same time. This was the most rapid telegraphing on record. Mr. Morse so appreciated the performance that he struck off a gold medal, appropriately en-

--- At Economy, Ind., a little colored boy named Hill, 6 years old, while en-"Won't you come in, Cap'n Taylor?" conversation at once.

St. Louis. It makes a man in Cincinnati feel like putting on his overcoat.—Cinand though proud Lyddy Washburn did faced girl, how I love him—the straightHINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE TABLE. —Doze Cake: 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of butter, cream; then add 4 beaten eggs, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls cream-tartar. Dissolve the soda in the milk

and stir the cream-tartar into the flour. Flavor as you wish. -Brown Bread: 1 quart buttermilk, teacupful molasses, 2 teaspoonfuls sale-ratus, 1 teaspoonful salt. Stir in 1 cornmeal and I coarse flour, until stiffer than a batter, but not stiff enough to pile up. Steam 2 hours, then put into the oven long enough to brown.

-Cream for Coffee: The members of my family (says a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker) prefer the following made cream for their coffee to the genuine article. Beat 1 egg to a foam, add a tablespoonful of white sugar, and pour over a pint of boiling hot milk stirring briskly as it is poured over the egg. Prepare at night for the morning. -Cold Slaw: Slice or chop very fine 1 head (or enough for family use) of cabbage and season with salt and pepper. Beat 3 eggs well together; mix with it a teacupful of vinegar, 1 tablespoonful of unmixed mustard, a tablespoonful of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter. Bring to the boiling point and pour over

the cabbage. -To Cook New Potatoes: Wash, rub the skin off, and drop into salted, boiling water. When tender, drain, give a shake and set on the back of the stove to dry, with the cover a little at one side to allow of the escape of steam. Boil some milk; put in a large tablespoonful of butter and thicken with a little flour; wet smooth in milk. Take up the potatoes into a vegetable dish and our over the gravy.

-Molasses Cookies: 1 teacup of New Orleans molasses, the same of white sug-ar, a cup of hot water, in which I table-spoonful of soda is dissolved, a of a cup of shortening (some prefer butter, but use mest-fat or lard), and 1 egg. Stir in as much flour as possible, then place upon the board and mix in just enough place to have them roll out nicely—they must be quite soft. Roll them about one-fourth of an inch thick, and bake in a

-String Beans for Winter Use: Wash, take off the strings and cut into pieces an inch in length. Put them into a stone jar, first a layer of beans, then a layer of salt, and so on, until the jar is full. Put a plate with a weight on top, and pour over cold water until recover ed. Keep in the cellar. When wanted for use, throw as many as are needed into a pail or pan of cold water, and let freshen for half a day. Change the water twice or thrice. Cook the same as if newly gathered. When packing, use

-- Cucumber Pickles: Take fresh from the vines, wash carefully, put them into an earthenware jar, pour salted boiling water over them for three or four mornings in succession and the last time drop a lump of alum into the water. Then turn off the water and pour over weak, hot vinegar and let stand overnight. In the morning drain and cover with hot spiced vinegar. Cover with horse-radish leaves and they will keep for a

-Vanilla Ice-cream: 2 quarts of cream and 1 of good milk; the milk is first put on a slow fire; in this I place my vanilla bean, which I have cut into small bits; now, most of the books in-sist that you shall use some flour or arrow-root; if your cream is cream, there s no use for it; I do, however, take the whites and yelks of 3 eggs, which I beat up in some cold milk and pour into the hot milk, when the milk is boiled, at least a half-dozen times before it becomes thick.

MISCELLANEOUS. -Almost all fruit-stains can be taken

out by soaking and rabbing in sweet milk before washing. —An infusion of hay will keep the natural color in buff linens, and an in-fusion of bran will do the same for

brown linens. -French chalk is a specific for greas spots. It should be scraped on the spot and left on until it absorbs the grease. I'wo or three applications are some

times necessary for the purpose. -To clean black cashmere: Place the dress in strong borax water, made luke-warm; let it remain in soak all ight, then take out and hang on the ine to drip, and when nearly dry, press.

Do not rinse or wring. -A recipe for hoarseness: Take lemon and slice it into a tea-cup, and add a couple or three tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar. Take a teaspoonful of the mixture every little while till the ob-

struction is removed. -When black or navy-blue linens are washed soap should not be used. Take instead two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (after having them washed and peeled), into which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linens with this and rinse them in cold blue water. They will need no starch and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side.

-Hard Soap: 6 pounds of soda, pounds of grease, 3 pounds of unslaked lime and 4 gallons of water. Put soda, lime and water into a kettle and boil until dissolved; let it stand 2 days, pour off the liquid, throw away the dregs, add the grease to the liquid and boil until it is of the thickness of honey. Then turn out into a wash-tub to hard en, cut into whatever shape you like dry and pack away for use. Any grease

Starving to Death. Thousands of men and women are starving themselves to death. They dare not eat or drink this or that, fearing it will increase their fl sh. Life depends upon continuous self-denial. Life depends upon continuous self-denial.
The only safe and reliable remedy for this terrible condition is Allan's Anti Fat. It is
wholly vegetable and perfectly harmless. Its

use insures a reduction of from two to five pounds per week. Sold by Druggists. BUFFALO, N. Y., June 13, 1878. To the Proprietors of Allan's Anti-Fat: Gentlemen—The following report is from the lady who used Allan's Anti-Fat: "It (the Anti-Fat) had the desired effect, reducing the fat from two to five pounds a week, until I fat from two to five pounds a week, until had lost twenty-five pounds. I hope never regain what I have lost." Yours resp'y. POWELL & PLIMPTON, Wholesale Druggists SINCE the first introduction of Dr. F. Wil

since the irist introduction of Dr. F. Wil-hoft's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic, it has steadily gained in popularity with the people, but since its proprietors, Wheelock, Finlay & Co., gave its composition to the world, so that everybody can know what it is, the sale of it has doubled itself. It contains no dangerous drug, and yet it is the greatest specific sgainst malarial diseases, such as Chills and Fever, and Dumb Chills. For sale by all Druggists. FIRST IN EVERY RESPECT .- The Gilber Starches are the best for strength, for purity, for finish, for uniformity. In fact they are made with such assiduous care that they are

par excellence, America's pride. Their works, the capacity of which is almost unlimited, are situated at Buffalo, N. Y. Lapres all know what a nuisance it is to have their yeast fail to "come up." National Yeast never fails. Try it. CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

\$350 AMONTH—Agents Wanted—36 best seiling articles in the world; one sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich. HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C.O.D. Wijs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 292 W. Madison-st. Chicago. BIG Wages Summer and Winter. Samples free.

DR. CLARK DOWN'S Indian Blood Syrup. LABORATORY.

77 W. 3d St., New York City. well as a certain cure for



The Best Remedy Known to Man



Wakametkla, the Medicine Man.

this Syrup possesses varied proporties.
It acts upon the Liver.
It acts upon the Kidneys.
It regulates the Bowels.
It purifies the Blood.
It quiets the Nervous System.
It promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invig-

rates. It carries of the old blood and maker New.

It opens the porce of the skin, and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereiltary taint or poison in the blood, which generates Scrotula, Frysipelas and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirite employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate habe, or by the aged and feeble, care only being required in attention to directions.



Edwin Eastman in Indian Costume IWIN DIRECTION OF THE COMMONES AND APACHES A neat volume of SOO pages, being a Apaches. A neat volume of Soo pages, being a common of the horrible facts connected the horrible facts connected the horrible facts connected the horrible facts connected the connected the horrible facts connected the surviving members. For sale by our agents generally, Price, \$1.00.

The incidents of the massacre, briefly narrated, are distributed by agents, PERS of charge.

Mr. Eastman, being almost constantly at the West, engaged in gathering and curing the materials of which the medicine is composed, the sole business management devolves upon Dr. Johnson, and the remedy has been called, and is known as

Dr. Clark Johnson's INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER

Read the voluntary testimonials of persons who has een cured by the use of Dr. Clark Johnson's India TESTIMONIALS OF CURES.

Teething. ear Str—For children Teething its variety to a cl. I gave your Indian Blood Syrup to a cl. I gave you and increased the dose until it ge as a day, and increased the dose until it ge wed the howels. After a few doses the child beganed the howels.

eat, got well and played around all the ting teeth. It will stay on the stomac-else will. A child of Mrs. Heardman nothing would stay on its stomach, not Best Family Medicine.

An Agent's Testimony. Dear Sir—I have been selling your Endian Blood Syrup for the last six years, and it has given genera satisfaction. By wife, sister, and myself have used it for Neuralgia and Derangement of the Stomach, and it

Cures Coughs and Colds. Deer Sir—I was troubled with a very had Cough nearly all my life, and continually taking medicine, but without the slightest relief. I took some of your Indian Blood Syrup, and in a short time I was effectually cured. Before taking the medicine I was not able to work, but now am able to do anything, and feel better than I over did.

Chills and Sick Headache Cured. YANGET MILLS, Phelps Comby, Mo., 1879.

Dear Sir—My little girl was sorely afflicted with Chills and Sick Headache, and I was unable to get anything to relieve her until I tried your Endian Blood Syrup, which effectually cured her. It is the greatest blood purifier known to the world.

JAMES MARSH.

All that it is Recommended to be. Marquand, Madison County, Mo., April 26, 1879.

Dear Sir-1 have used your excellent Indian
Blood Syrup for Fever and Ague, Dyspeaka and
Scrotula, and found it to be all it is recommended to be

PAIRMONT, Fix County, Mo.

Dear Sir—I have used your excellent Inclian Blood
Syrup in my family for several years, and find it to be
best I have ever used. JAS T. BUFGER All that it is Recommended to be.

An Excellent Family Remedy.

SILVER LAKE, Perry County, Mo., Nov. 7, 1877.

Deor Sir—After two years' experience with your lindian Blood Syrup I can say that it is all that it is recommended to be WILLIAM B MOORE. Liver Complaint Cured. Ravenna, Mercer County, Mo.

Bear Sir—I would say that I have used your Lucian

Blood Syrup for Constipation and Liver Complaint,
and having been thoroughly cured, would recommend
it to all troubled with Billousness, Constipation, Liver
Complaint, etc.

J. P. Dikark

Liver Complaint. BANCROFT, Daviess County, Mo.

Bear Sir—I was suffering about 14 years with Liver
Complaint, and was unable to get anything to relieve
me until I commenced u ing your Indian Blood
Syvup, which has effectually cured me. I would
recommend it highly,

JAMES TAXD.

The only 25 Cent AGUE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

THERMALINE A safe and reliable substitute for Quinine. The best known remedy for all diseases caused by Malarial Poisoning, being a preventive as

FEVER and AGUE, CHILLS&FEVER

Dumb Ague, Ague Cake, Remittent, Intermittent Fevers, Kidney Disease, Liver and Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia and General Debility; the best general Tonic for Deb tated Systems. Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists in this town. Mailed on receipt of price by DUNDAS DICK & CO., 35 Wooster Street, New York. Explanatory book mailed FREE on application.

MAKE YOUR OWN CHROMO PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE **NEW METHOD of** Photo-Enamel Painting.

The difficulties of spotting, etc., overcome.

Any person can, in two hours, produce, from a photosph, an ELEGANTLY-PAINTED PORTRAIT, far suspecific than by the old method. E. E. PRATT, 79 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Or CHILLS and FEVER. The proprietor of this celebrated medicine The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chilis and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a per-fect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more eer-tain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of three or four deseasof the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will

be sufficient.
The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the original JOHN J. SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, of Louisville, Ky. Examine well the label on each bottle. If my private stamp is not on each bottle, do not purchase, or you will be deceived.

DR. JOHN BULL, Manufacturer and Vender of SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, The Popular Remedies of the Day. Principal Office, 319 Meta St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

GRAEFENBERG Mildest ever known, cure MALARIAL DISEASES, HEADACHE, BILIOUS-NESS, INDIGESTION and **NESS, INDICESTION and** FEVERS. These

one up the system and restore health to lose suffering from general debility and ervousness. Sold by all Druggists. 25 Cents per Box. OCCIDENTAL

NO ALOES! NO QUININE! NO POISONOUS DRUCS ! FEVER and AGUE. DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEAD, NAUSEATE THE STOMACH OR GRIPE THE A pleasant, speedy and reliable remedy for Female Diseases. Its use prevents Maintal poison from accumulating in the system. It keeps the stomach in a healthy condition, Preventing Diarrhea and Dysentery. Cures Constitution and Piles. Quiets Nervous Excitement. Induces refreshing sleep and exerts a saturary influence upon all the functions of the body. Is an invaluable household remedy.

Ay. Is an invaluance and sold wholesale by R. H. McDonald & Co., New York; VAN SCHACK, STEVENSON & CO., Chicago; RICHARDSON & CO., St. Louis

4. & V. C. MILLER, Proprietors, 722 Washington Accume, St. Louis. AGENTS WANTED FOR THE ICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD



CAME APPLIED IN OWE . JNO A HASHER PITTERURGH PA NEEDLES Parts and Findings for SEWING SEWINGS.

LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WEST! RIDGE'S INFANTS INS

AGENTS, READ THIS. We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say, Sam-ple free. Address SHERMAN & OO., Marshall, Mich.

PURE TEAS. Agents Wanted everywhere to replie to families, hotels and large consumers; larges

DYKES'BEARD ELIXIR

\$2000 A YEAR easy made in each Miller's Business Keckuk, POPHAM'S Specific Instant select Sold by druggion. Tela PREE ASTHMA Specific Address T. Pol'HAM & CO., Philadelphia, Pa R., S. L., 9 6 NI 727

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their Advertisements